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## TOADYISM.

MODERN fashionable society finds it convenient to have whimsical softened names for a number of things which good nature and the subdued tone of polite life forbid to be spoken of in the plain speech used by our ancestors. The kind of person whom Horace and Juvenal would have described as a servile parasite, is now, therefore, delicately hinted at by the appellation of a toad-eater. An anecdote is told as to the origin of the term. A great personage, wishing to get quit of a troublesome hanger-on, caused a dish of toads to be served up one day instead of a dish of fish. The intention was seen; but the dependent knew too well the value of the connexion which he had established, to take the hint. He partook of the toads with all the appearance of relish, never letting it be presumed that he thought them anything but good soles. Thereafter, any one who was content to live on the bounty of another, at the expense of a few occasional insults, was said to eat that person's toads—to be, in short, a toad-eater. The story, it must be owned, reads a good deal like some of the ancient fables which are told as to the origins of things; but however this may be, certainly for the last fifty years, the mean-spirited dependent of the great, who clings where he is hardly welcome, and endeavours to repay worthless favours by worthless obsequiousness, has been called a toad-eater.

Latterly, the word has undergone a softening process. Toad-eater sounded alarmingly, and awakened unpleasant ideas. It was therefore reduced to the more obscure and inoffensive form of *toady*—a term which serves quite as well where it is understood. But the sense of the word has at the same time been extended. It is now employed to describe all undue demonstrations of a cringing and worshipping spirit towards superior rank and station. It is to be observed, that the change of the word itself has been attended with the advantage of allowing it to be used in various grammatical relations. Thus it is employed not only as a noun ("A toady"), but also as an adjective ("Miss James was very toady to Lady Tomlinson"), and furthermore as a verb ("These Higginases toady everybody"). Finally, the practice of toadying acquires the appellation placed at the head of this article. *Toady* having in this way attained the dignity of a full-blown word, we may expect to see it introduced in the course of a few hundred years into the dictionaries of the English language.

Toadies, of whatever sex, age, or condition, are easily distinguished. The person of highest rank, superior to themselves, is for the time their magnetic pole. Towards him their countenances are bent, like flowers to the sun: whether speaking to him or any other person in the room, their voices are pitched in a low and insinuating key; and the whole deportment is expressive of worship. The deference paid to his remarks, the ready smile or laugh in attendance upon his faintest attempts at wit, the eagerness to help, to serve, and gratify, are but what has been described as appropriate to the character since the origin of literature. The toady will, if allowed, devote himself entirely to the object of his worship for the time, neglecting all others. Not even the host or hostess will receive any share of his regards. And supposing the object is a lady, how happy and blest is he if he can manage to be the person who leads her out when she is to leave the room. His "Make way" on such an occasion, and the energy with which he pushes aside all obstructions, are most remarkable. His passion takes perhaps its most striking form when it is manifested towards a person who, from age or

any other natural characteristic, would not, but for rank, receive even an average degree of attention; such, for instance, as a child of title, and that, perhaps, a spoilt and petulant one. And this case becomes the more striking when the worshipper, as often happens, is a person who himself enjoys no mean place in public esteem, as a man of letters, of science, or of official eminence, or even as merely a man of wealth. We have seen a very grave and elderly philosopher acting this character towards a little imp of rank, trying his very best to gratify it in all its whims, and enduring all its aggressive rudenesses with the greatest complaisance; thus committing suicide upon a dignity which no other person would have ever thought of tampering with. The press has, of course, its toadyisms, from its highest walks down to an Irish newspaper report that "Colonel Tims, of Tims Castle, and lady have quitted the Shelborne hotel, with a party for Killybathershins, where the *angust* [?] party propose to enjoy a few days' shrimp-fishing." The whole class of fashionable novels were an emanation of the spirit of toadyism; and we have little doubt that certain metropolitan publishers could exhibit a regularly formed tariff, showing the additions which they make to the price of manuscripts in proportion to the titles of their real or pretended authors. Nor are reviewers wanting who go fully into Johnson's idea, that, when a nobleman attempts so laudable an action as to compose a book, his merit should be handsomely acknowledged. Certainly some living literary lords have had no reason to complain in this respect.

Toadyism shines strongly out even where there is no object of worship present. It appears in the exhibition of the address cards of persons of superior rank on tables and chimney-pieces, as implying that these persons are visiting friends—also in a dexterous, though transparent system of making frequent allusions to these persons in conversation, as betraying the fact of their being met with every day. Of course those who legitimately belong to an elevated grade in society, may be reasonably expected to make such exhibitions and such allusions: in them no one thinks of remarking it as at all peculiar. It is only when it is done by individuals of a somewhat lower grade, and who may be presumed to have an ambitious or servile motive for it, that it attracts attention. And in these cases there is always something that creates an absolute distinction from those in which it is legitimate. The display of the great names is seen to be more studied. Toadies go glaringly out of their way to get a reference made to the name of one of their idols. They lay plans for it. You can sometimes see it coming on from afar, through various other subjects of remark. And there is often something malapropos about it, as when Lord James is quoted for a panegyric remark on Allan's last picture, who is notoriously stupid on all subjects, art included; or Lady Barbara's praise of Libitaky's new quadrilles is adduced, the fact being, as everybody knows, that Lady Bab cannot distinguish one tune from another. Then, everything they hear from a man or woman of rank is recounted with a regular quotation of the name; as Lord Tomboy told me the other day that Sir James was going to give up his hounds or the Countess of Puffington assures me that the court will not go to Windsor till the 12th. They may have heard the same thing from three or four other persons; but the titled or landed person is always preferred as an authority, albeit that person may not be the most notorious for accuracy. Where information comes without title or land associated with it, a vague "I

hear," or "They say," is deemed sufficient; that is, where a strict regard for truth is observed: otherwise, you probably hear, "I think it was Sir John I heard say, the other night at Lord Skyhigh's party, that we are to have Elslar again at the opera this season," or "Who was it told me!—I daresay it was Lady Rumpus—that the marriage of the heir of Super-spend with the rich banker's daughter is to take place after all," the fact being, that they do not remember who told them, but pitch on a titled authority at random. Toadyisms of this kind are rife in polite circles to an extent perfectly wonderful, when we consider that everybody sees through it in another, and that it is always attended with exactly the opposite effect to that which was aimed at, and depreciates instead of exalting. So general is toadying of the kind described, that conversation sometimes appears as only a competitive effort of a group of persons to make themselves appear highly connected in society before each other. The ambition of an ancient sage was to be the friend of men most distinguished for wisdom and virtue. An English nobleman of the seventeenth century desired to be described on his tomb as "the friend of Sir Philip Sidney," because Sidney was the bravest and best man of his age. But the ambition of a vast portion of the wealthy and educated people of England at the present day never once regards moral or intellectual qualities—it solely looks to title and acres. To know and be known by some foolish youth of rank, miseducated to the knocking down of constables—to be entitled to speak of, as being on familiar terms with, a person with whom is associated a certain portion of the earth's surface, though his head and heart be as cold and cloddish as the land itself, and mortgages have perhaps made it his in little more than name—these are the being's ends and aims of no small portion of our countrymen and countrywomen, to the neglect, of course, of all that could give real dignity, the first effect of false idols being always to extrude and keep out the true. And while the worshippers are thus benighted, we must not overlook the effects of the system upon the worshipped. The titled classes are sometimes accused of looking less to intellectual and moral respectability than their inferiors; but does not society do its best, every day and every hour of the day, to give these persons the conviction, that they are independent of such qualities altogether! Under the constant incense of toadyism, the wonder should rather be, that there is so much intellectual and moral respectability amongst the titled classes as there really is.

But the surprising thing about toadyism is that it is not, as might be supposed, exclusively a feature of persons aspiring to high society. In high society itself, amongst families of old and assured rank, and who, in all their circumstances, are perfectly independent, many individuals are found possessed of this spirit, which in their case is exercised towards other persons of their own circle, whom they conceive to possess a shade of higher distinction than themselves. An earl toadying his superiors in the peerage, and any one who stands higher as a public man than himself, seems a strange thing, yet it is a true one. It at first appears difficult to account for such gratuitous self-humiliation; but, when we consider that toadyism primarily depends on natural qualities of mind, the mystery clears away. A man of rank toadies for the same reason that a highly respected poet or philosopher toadies, because he happens to have veneration in larger proportion than self-esteem, is exposed to the temptation by his circumstances, and has not a sufficiency of judgment to control his sentimental nature.

\* Titmarsh's Irish Sketch Book.



Taking a philosophical view of toadyism, it appears to us first the effect of inherent feelings, and afterwards of forms and arrangements in society. In rankless America, the sect who adore stray specimens of foreign peacocks may be considered as purely natural toadies. With us the phenomenon is complicated by the reflex action of the constant presence of rank, and many become toadies as much by the effects of education, as from the tendencies of their own original character. There may even be detected amongst us certain local modifications of the spirit, tending to show how greatly the primitive element is liable to be fostered by circumstances. It may have often been observed, that the "society" of a country town did extremely well, as long as all were almost on a level in point of rank and style, but that its serenity was completely marred by the intrusion of one or two persons of a superior grade; the unavoidable effect of which was to produce an aspiring, toadying, and uneasy spirit. In a commercial town, there is little toadyism compared with what will be found in a cathedral city, or one containing a set of judicial dignitaries. Mr Titmarsh speaks of whole columns of the Dublin newspapers filled with accounts of fashionable movements of the kind above exemplified. There are no such paragraphs in the Edinburgh newspapers. To what may this difference be attributed, if not to the absence of any species of court from Edinburgh for upwards of a century? Scotland, which eighty years ago was thought to be fairly personified in Sir Pertinax Macintosh, is now, perhaps, from this cause, the part of the United Kingdom which most nearly approximates in this respect to republican countries. All these, we think, are tolerably clear illustrations of the effect of external causes in producing this spirit. Toadyism is therefore only in a minor measure born: it is chiefly made.

#### PORTER'S "PROGRESS OF THE NATION."

In the course of the last few years, Mr G. R. Porter, an able and enlightened officer of the Board of Trade, has devoted a portion of his time to the compilation of a work of great public interest, designing to show, by a series of statistical details, the progress of the nation in its social and economical relations, from the beginning of the nineteenth century to the present time.\* The first volume, embracing the sections of population and production, was issued in 1836; the second, which treated of interchange, revenue, and expenditure, appeared in 1838; the third and last, including the subjects of consumption, accumulation, moral progress, and foreign dependencies, has just been published. The object which the laborious author has in view is not alone to present an array of statistical facts bearing on general economics, but to ascertain, by a candid inquiry and the exhibition of official tables and facts, by what steps the community has attained its present extraordinary pre-eminence among civilised nations. The task has been a difficult one; but though accomplished more in connexion with political than moral economy, it may be said to be done fairly, and with commendable temper. As not many of our readers are likely to see the work, we propose glancing a few facts from the newly published volume, by way of a specimen of its contents.

In the first section, on Consumption, it is shown how inconsiderable is the number of persons who have no gainful occupation. "Of 5,812,276 males, twenty years of age and upwards, living at the time of the census in 1831, there were engaged in some calling or profession 5,496,188, thus leaving unemployed only 316,088, or rather less than 6 per cent. of the whole."

The consumption of bricks has of late been greatly on the increase. In 1802, the total number of bricks made in England and Scotland was 713,886,743, and the number steadily increased to 1841, when the quantity was 1,462,257,575; the increase has been most observable since 1821, and may be taken as a proof of generally improved circumstances.

In 1812, the number of male domestic servants employed was 86,693, and in 1841 it was 109,514. Reckoning the annual expense of maintaining each at £1.60, there must have been spent in 1840, on male domestics alone, £1,688,840. "If to the expenditure of 1831 (the only one, says Mr Porter, in which the returns afford the necessary data) we add the probable expense of maintaining 670,491 female servants—the number then ascertained to be kept in Great Britain, averaging the expense of each for board and wages at £1.35 per annum—it will appear that the expense incurred for domestic servants in that year was altogether £1,29,576,665." He adds, that, including Ireland, the sum must have amounted to upwards of forty millions.

The increased use of carriages is very remarkable; the number with four wheels in 1812 was 16,596, and in 1840, 27,194—the rise from 1821 to 1840 being forty per cent. The increase of two-wheel carriages has been still more apparent; in 1812, the number was 27,286, and in 1840 it was 42,732. Latterly, the increase has not been so rapid as in previous years, in consequence, as is believed, of improvements in hired carriages. The annual expenditure on private carriages in Great Britain is estimated, for 1840, at £10,447,600. The number of horses for riding or draught, charged with duty in 1840, was 154,286; but of horses for hire and racing, and also those which, from their diminutive size, were exempt from duty, used in trade, &c., there were 163,065. Besides these classes, there were 539,594 horses, principally used in agriculture, exempted from duty—total of horses in Great Britain, 857,245.

The facts connected with the consumption of gold and silver plate are remarkable. "It will," says Mr Porter, "be matter for surprise, to find that the quantity of gold and silver plate made and retained for home use within the kingdom was greater in weight during the eight years that preceded the peace, than it was during the like period from 1830 to 1837 inclusive. During the first period, namely, 1807 to 1814, the quantities so retained for use were—of gold plate 50,750 ounces, and of silver plate 8,290,157 ounces; and in the eight years, from 1830 to 1837, the quantities were—of gold 48,432 ounces, and of silver 7,378,651 ounces. This falling off is the more surprising, because of the unprecedented high prices of bullion during a great part of the first of these two periods, whereby the difference in the money value was rendered much greater than the difference as here stated in the weight." Mr Porter is inclined to ascribe the greater consumption in former years partly to a prudent precaution for transforming paper money into articles which would have answered as convertible property in the case of national convulsion, and partly to an increased use in latter years of plated goods. Latterly, the quantity used of both gold and silver has increased. In 1841, there were retained for home use, of gold 6985 ounces, and of silver 1,029,362 ounces.

On the subject of sugar, we are furnished with some valuable statistical facts; but having lately devoted a paper to this vexing topic, we need here do little more than extract a few emphatic lines. In our late paper, we spoke of the difference of price between Brazil sugar at 24 per lb., and that of the West Indies, as we buy it, including duty, at 7d.—"The cost," observes Mr Porter, "exclusive of duty, of 3,764,710 cwt. retained for consumption in 1840, was £9,156,872, if calculated at the Gazette average prices. The cost of a like quantity of Brazil or Havana sugar of equal quality would have been £4,141,181, and consequently we have paid in one year £5,015,691 more than the price which the inhabitants of other countries in Europe would have paid for an equal quantity of sugar." The ruinous effect of this incessant drain is afterwards alluded to under the head Colonies, where, referring to the above annual loss of £5,000,000, to benefit the sugar colonies, the author adds—"The total value of our manufactures exported in that year (1840) to our sugar colonies was under £4,000,000, so that the nation would have gained a million of money in that one year by following the true principle of buying in the cheapest market, even though we had made the sugar-growers a present of all the goods which they took from us." This sounds very much like the idea of a mad shopkeeper, who takes a fancy to bribe every customer with a present of five shillings, in order that he may buy from him four shillings' worth of goods!

After sugar, follows the kindred subject of coffee and tea. The increased consumption of coffee has been immense, and always in proportion to the lowering of the duties. In 1801, with a duty of 1s. 6d. per lb., the consumption was 750,561 lbs., or 1 ox† to each of the population; each person on an average, therefore, contributing 1½d. of duty annually. In 1811, with a duty down to 7d., the consumption rose to 6,380,122 lbs., or 8 ox. to each of the population, and each on an average, therefore, contributing 4d. of duty annually. The duty afterwards rose to 1s., when the consumption increased but a very little in proportion to the population. Finally, the duty was lowered to 6d., and in 1841, the consumption was 27,298,322 lbs., or at the rate of 1 lb. 7 oz. to each of the population, and each, hence, paid 10½d. of duty annually. It is believed that if coffee, the produce of countries not British, were admitted at the sixpenny duty, the price

would fall, the consumption increase, and the revenue mount up very considerably.

Similar facts are elicited respecting tea, but we must refer to Mr Porter's work for full information on this interesting subject. One fact may suffice. A lowering of the duty raised the average annual contribution of duty from each individual from 1s. 9½d. in 1801, to 2s. 11d. in 1841.

The subjects of wine, beer, malt, and spirits, offer important considerations in connexion with national progress. Our consumption of liquors is certainly immense; and the deplorable effects in one department of society are sufficiently conspicuous. Yet Mr Porter's facts and figures show that, however the vice may have shifted along the social line, the aggregate quantity consumed a hundred years ago was greater in proportion to the numbers of the population. About the year 1736, the amount of drunkenness became so alarming, that the legislature, thinking to quell the evil, raised the duty on spirits to 20s. per gallon, and greatly restricted the issuing of licenses to public houses. This act, commonly called the Gin Act of 1736, did more harm than good. The shutting of the public houses caused thousands of clandestine taverns to start into existence, and within less than two months of its passing, 12,000 people had been convicted under the act in London. When, in 1743, the matter was discussed in the House of Commons, it was shown that from 10,500,000 gallons in 1733, the consumption of gin in England had risen to 19,000,000 gallons in 1742. "These quantities (says Mr Porter) were consumed by a population not exceeding six millions, giving 3½ gallons for each individual in 1742. One century later, and we find a population increased to sixteen millions consuming 8,166,985 gallons in the year, or half a gallon per head, showing a diminished consumption of more than five-sixths." This diminution of consumption, it will be observed, was caused by no fiscal enactments, but by the steady growth of intelligence among the people. A more marked instance of improvement in this respect is found in the fact, that while the consumption of spirits in Ireland, in 1837, was 11,235,635 gallons, it had sunk in 1841 to 864,726 gallons, the decrease being caused solely by the temperance movement.

We go on to the subject of paper, on the consumption of which article the progress of the nation is very conspicuous. From the tables, it is observed that in 1803, when the duty was 3d. per lb., the quantity of paper charged with duty was 31,699,537 lbs.; revenue contributed by each in the population 5½d. annually; total revenue to the country £1,394,824. In 1841, the duty having a few years earlier been lowered to 1½d. per lb., the consumption of paper was 97,103,548 lbs.; revenue contributed by each in the population 5½d.; total revenue realised £1,637,255. In 1803, the quantity of paper made was equal to about 2½ lbs. for each individual, and in 1839 it was nearly 3½ lbs. There can be no doubt that this allowance is greatly on the increase, in consequence of the late increased amount of letter-writing, and the growing taste for reading. Paper has been lowering in price for forty years. What in 1801 cost 36s., may now be had for 15s. The introduction of machinery into the manufacture has been the main cause of this extraordinary change in price; but deterioration of material has also had its influence. The paper-makers are daily improving in their art, but they are also becoming more dexterous and less scrupulous in infusing cotton or other inferior materials into their fabrics; and, on the whole, paper is not substantially better than it was.

It is believed, not without reason, that the manufacture of paper might be greatly improved were the duty of 1½d. per lb. removed. The candle trade may be quoted as a case in point. "During all the time (says Mr Porter) that an excise duty was levied upon candles, it may be said that there was no improvement made in their quality; and it is probable that, had the duty not been repealed, the regulations enforced by the revenue officers would have continued to prevent any such improvements. No sooner, however, were the manufacturers relieved from the restraints thus imposed, than their ingenuity was set to work, and each year that has since elapsed has produced one or more inventions or combinations, whereby the essential good qualities of candles have been increased, and their cost, relatively to their value in use, diminished."

Speaking of candles, it will be considered surprising that, notwithstanding the introduction of gas-lighting, and its application to almost every town in the United Kingdom, "the aggregate consumption of whale oil has very materially increased," and "the use of candles in dwellings, and especially of wax-candles, has also increased in a greater proportion than the population." Mr Porter calculates that 500,000 and 600,000 tons of coal are consumed annually in the manufacture of gas. The capital sunk in gas companies throughout the country is enormous. "One company, managed in London, but carrying on its operations chiefly in Ireland (The United General Gas-Light

\* The words "including duty" were accidentally omitted in our late article.  
† We omit fractional parts here and elsewhere, for the sake of clearness.



Company), has a capital employed of £400,000; and another incorporation (The Imperial Continental Gas Company) has employed £250,000 of English accumulations for providing light in various cities of Europe."

## EXPECTATIONS.

### A TRUE TALE.

"If thou wilt suspect, let it be thyself; if thou wilt expect, let it not be gladness."—*Old Author.*

THE vanity of human expectations is one of the tritest of subjects; yet who, on that account, is the less disposed to indulge in it, until bitter experience teaches him at length that moralists preach truly, though needlessly. Not in any hope of anticipating this stern instructor, but trusting to touch a few gentle souls with a specimen of the pathos of actual life, I venture to relate the story of Flora M'Lachlan.

Andrew M'Lachlan was a man of good family, in that northern portion of the island where younger sons are plentiful and patrimony scarce; and though, with the love of paradox, as well as sagacity, for which its inhabitants are said to be distinguished, he sought his fortune in a region still colder and poorer, he yet managed to return, after forty years' vegetation at a temperature of zero, a healthy as well as a wealthy man.

He had not been suffered to remain all this time unaware of the existence of hosts of needy relatives, of "gentle" birth indeed (as Shakespeare and Scotland use the word), but of marvellously ungentle tones, and yet ruder fortunes—but of these hereafter.

For some years, he had been purchasing instalments of an estate which, for five generations, had been slipping gradually out of the hands of his family; and his first act on coming home was to add the crowning fragment or "mansion-house lot," where he proposed to spend the remainder of his days. In this huge castle-like structure—the building of which had formed the safety valve for the bursting laes of a nabob, who only lived long enough to lie in state in his own pagoda—the canny Scot, like the "mouse under the bushel" of his own country's proverb, felt a good deal at a loss what to do with himself and his elbow room.

He was not, however, altogether alone in his disproportioned den. There walked by his side in it, as naturally as if space were her domain, and splendour her native element, a fair gentle sylph of a girl, whom no one, not actually apprised of her being the rough old man's niece, would have suspected of nearer connexion with him than mutual descent from Adam. All the "gentle" blood of the family seemed to have taken refuge in her clear blue veins; while all the gold of her uncle's coffers seemed to have escaped from durance, to come laughing forth in her bright and sunny looks. That she could wind her old uncle round her finger, surprised and scandalised nobody; first, because all acknowledged the power of a smile which, as the old Highland crone who reared her said, would have "wiled the bird off the tree;" and next, because her influence, though sometimes despotic enough, was always so exercised as to promote either the old man's own respectability and comfort, or the good of some luckless dependent, who, less powerfully backed, might have preferred his petition in vain to one who had lived too near the frosty pole, not to partake in some measure of its ungenial character.

But how this benevolent being was originally wafted to the ogre's den, which she metamorphosed into a fairy bower, remains to be accounted for. Mr M'Lachlan had an only and elder brother, landless as himself, but proud as any chieftain, whose indignation at one of the family embarking in trade was quite hot enough to subside into a life-long coolness between the relatives. But a man exiled to Livonia, and with one brother alone living to care for, cannot afford to nurse his wrath, and expend the necessary fuel to keep it warm; and so, when the Gazette certified to the great Russian merchant that Captain Donald M'Lachlan, of his majesty's — regiment, was a retired and invalided veteran, with some £92 per annum, a wife and children, and the world before him where to choose a haven for his declining years, Andrew's Highland hospitality so far prevailed over pique and parsimony, as to prompt a hearty fraternal invitation to his hyperborean fireside.

To Donald's seasoned frame all climates were pretty nearly alike; but he would hardly, after experience, too, of northern campaigning in the American war, have transplanted his delicate wife nearer the pole than John o' Groat's house, but with the latent hope of securing her thereby hereafter a more eligible shelter, and for his darling boys the possible future heritage of their childless uncle.

"Uncle Andrew," however—in this somewhat akin to the inimitable "Uncle Adam" of the Inheritance—had no taste for heirs presumptive (though his reasons were different, inasmuch as he still meditated mar-

riage); and the boys, to the infinite mortification of their parents, were not included in the invitation to Revel. Reluctance to interfere with their education was the ostensible pretext—dread of schoolboys, and fear of exciting expectations, were the true though unavowed reasons for the exclusion; so, with a parting pang which nothing but a latent hope of paving the future way of their offspring could have mitigated, Captain M'Lachlan and his weeping wife sailed for Cuxhaven.

They encountered, in a crazy and unseaworthy bark, a dreadful gale, during the protracted anxieties of which both parents had leisure to feel thankful that their children were safe; and almost the last fierce surge of which swept the unfortunate soldier from his post on deck, but a moment after his voice of manly encouragement had conveyed a gleam of hope to the despairing females below.

It was a sad day for Andrew M'Lachlan that consigned to his cares the lifeless body of his brother, and the little less inanimate form of that brother's widow. But never, perhaps, under happier circumstances, could either have clung so unreservedly to the other. Poor Flora, an unsophisticated child of nature from his own Highland hills, and some twenty years younger than his brother or himself, was soon to the old man as a daughter and sister at once; and when, worn by fatigue and misery, she gave premature birth, under his roof, to her first living girl, it was a grandfather's affection rather than an uncle's with which the babe was hailed.

The mother never rallied. The frightful scenes at sea, her sudden shock and irreparable loss, the ungenial climate into which she had been transported, all preyed on a naturally delicate constitution; and before her darling boy, whom her softened heart had sent home a trusty clerk for, to gladden her last moments, could reach Revel, she had gently sunk to rest.

For her infant daughter, beyond a mother's natural yearnings, she felt no anxiety. Not the "ewe-lamb" of the prophet ever reposed more securely in its owner's bosom, than little Flora in that of her, to others rough, uncle. But visions of ambition for others, if not for ourselves, will haunt the threshold of the grave. In her own case, life, Flora felt, was a vanishing dream; and yet she dreamt still of her boys, of her first-born Donald especially, as the heir to his uncle, and future laird of Castle Toshan. And it was to see realised, at least in their first meeting, and forward, if possible, by her counsels, the wished-for consummation, rather than from mere hopes of selfish gratification, that her dim eye sought so wistfully every morning the vane on the opposite church steeple, and her heart died within her at the inexorable contrary wind.

It was just as the empty precker was silently stalking along the snow-covered streets of Revel, to announce to its primitive inhabitants the demise of the rich Englishman's sister guest, that the signal for a pilot was flying from the masthead of the Vrow Katerina from Dundee; and much as the heart of Andrew was softened and disposed to warm toward his orphan nephews, his calm clock-work character was actually frightened from its propitities by the first unchecked burst of the wild Highland boy's grief. It soon exhausted itself, however, by its own violence, and left them fitted to follow, as subdued and sobered mourners, in their last parent's funeral train.

When on their return from the sad duties, the eyes of Andrew, which these had dimmed with long unwept tears, rested on the fine figure and proud lineaments of his eldest nephew, now a tall manly stripling of thirteen, his first emotion certainly was elannish pride and admiration, and his next a vague feeling, that no son he was likely ever to have would better become the ancestral succession than this its lineal inheritor. But few men, I believe, traders especially, like to have a ready-made heir fastened, as it were, to their skirts; and Andrew forbore to commit himself by any hints of future adoption. He was soon confirmed in this prudential silence by the pranks to which the reviving spirits of youth gave rise in his semi-barbarian nephews; to whom, on the principle of many who have nothing else to bestow on their offspring, their parents had been unanimous in giving the free scope of their own will. Angus, the younger, though a decided pickle, was, as his uncle said, a "pawky chiel," and could listen to reason; but Donald, his natural impetuosity heightened by years of indulgence, set all authority at defiance, and played in his uncle's sober household fantastic tricks, like those facetiously ascribed to a "bull in a china shop," or such as might have been expected from one of his native red deer in a lady's drawing-room.

It was, then, with unspeakable relief, that douce Andrew M'Lachlan turned from the vain attempt of reasoning with his untameable nephew to the winning smiles and placid repose of his adopted infant daughter; and only vowed, that falling direct issue of his own, here should his love and dollars be alike concentrated. Feeling, however, as if by this decision he somehow unduly prejudiced the brother's hereditary claims, he compromised the matter with his conscience, by sending, along with the gladly emancipated boys, an order to his British correspondent for their future education in a style more suited, undoubtedly, to expectations of his heirs-presumptive, than the orphans of a half-pay officer. The parting was not one of much regret on either side. The boys felt gratitude, but not affection; the uncle pride, but

with little of partiality. A half-yearly letter accompanied the remittances for some time to come; while homely endearments and lively prattle entwined his little inmate around the very heart-strings of the old man of Revel.

We have seen him and his darling, now seventeen years old, transplanted to the native and kinder atmosphere of Castle Toshan. And surely there, happiness in its brightest and most cherished forms awaited both young and old of the expectants. Possession of the home of his ancestors had realised every dream of the exiled Highlander's heart; and Flora's thought it could never again know a wish ungratified when, in the fond disinterestedness of youth, she achieved, by more of manoeuvre than she would have wasted on the fee simple of a kingdom for herself, the substitution, as their uncle's heir, of her absent brother Donald.

For this disinterestedness and devotion to one as yet unknown, motives were not wanting, of the precise kind calculated to make an impression on a character so enthusiastic as Flora's. From the old Highland nurse who had attended her mother to Revel, Flora had imbibed in her very cradle all her deceased parent's predilections in favour of her eldest born; strengthened by Mooma's own veneration for the rightful heir of Castle Toshan, and personal partiality for the beautiful boy she had nourished as well as reared. Angus, she owned, "was baith gude and bonny," yet she could speak of him with calmness as not unlikely to take after his uncle, and be a "douce merchant body." But Donald—he was from his birth just that sacred impersonation of excellence in Highland eyes, the "young laird;" and if thus regarded in his father's time, when the inheritance of their ancestors was the ignominious booty of a southern joint-stock-company, how much more did her darling assume in Mooma's opinion this indefeasibly hallowed character, when, by his uncle's repurchase of the family domain, the way seemed visibly cleared by heaven for the resumption of his patrimonial rights.

That Flora should succeed to these, dearly as she loved her nursing, would have oversteered all her ideas of propriety; and it was thus no wonder that the creature whose childhood she fostered, and whose earliest ideas she infused, should partake her enthusiasm for the brother whose patrimonial claims and personal qualifications were perpetually the theme of exultation. Nor is it easily to be imagined by persons of colder temperament than both pupil and instructress, to what an extent of romantic attachment and idolatrous devotion the dedication of years to one inexhaustible topic had worked up the ardent maiden, before her visions were actually realised by the blessed presence of their object.

Donald, whose imperfect education had partaken of the fluctuations of his uncle's mind respecting his future destination, and the probabilities of his ultimate adoption, had revolted so decidedly from an incipient effort to turn his energies into the ignoble channel of trade, that during the period of estrangement from his uncle's favour, consequent on his contumacy, he accepted, at eighteen, a commission in a regiment then raising in his native county, well content to escape for ever from the trammels of the desk, at the expense of all the hazards of war and climate.

Indebted to these contingencies for early and rapid promotion, Donald M'Lachlan, at eight-and-twenty an old captain, was absent with his regiment on service at the period of his uncle's return to Scotland; so that nearly a year of anxious expectation rolled tediously over Flora's head, ere the object of so many cherished visions was at length fondly embraced.

But if exquisite manly beauty, gallant soldier bearing, and open conciliating manners, though not altogether free from a tinge of native pride, could satisfy a fancy thus perilously over-wrought, the dream of that fancy had not surely been cherished in vain. Tall, yet strongly built as the lowlier sons of his native mountains, with raven curls that might have graced the head of Antinous, shading an open brow and ruddy cheek, such as no minion of luxury was ever privileged to boast, Donald M'Lachlan was in appearance the very beau idéal of a soldier, ay, and of a chieftain too, as Flora's secret soul whispered, and even the bosom of her hard and traffic-loving uncle involuntarily echoed. He was not the less so, perhaps, that, in the midst of the ever ready smiles which played across his handsome mouth, and displayed, when all went well and smoothly, the pearly treasures within, there flashed at times from an "eye like Mars," indications that the spirit of domination would not be wanting, were opportunities offered for its exercise.

Elevated, indeed, to command at an age when most are inured to control, the captain, it was soon perceived by all save the most partial eyes, did not love to be contradicted; and when thwarted, could be sullen as a thunder-cloud. But clouds are rare in the bright atmosphere which encircled the happy group at Castle Toshan, and if any hovered around, there was a power in Flora's sunny smile, which, like the apparatus for conducting and dispensing the dangerous fluid, gently dispelled the lowering elements, and averted the coming mischief.

And long, long had quick-witted female instinct dictated these harmless manoeuvres, ere Flora had discerned, far less admitted even to herself, the shadow of an imperfection in her idol. Nay, these very imperfections were perhaps precisely such as, when coupled with rare personal qualifications, are those in



which the idolatry of woman finds baneful nutriment. A tinge of hauteur, a dash of caprice, despotism in trifles, and predominating selfishness, half justified and wholly atoned by the finest of figures and most captivating of smiles, are not these the materials on which domestic tyranny is most frequently and relentlessly based?

Far be it, however, from me to assert that Donald entertained the slightest idea of enacting (otherwise than involuntarily) the part of a tyrant towards a sister to whom he was under such immense obligations, and of whom he was really, independently of them, both proud and fond. On the contrary, he returned her idolatry with a perilous degree of what is called in nursery parlance "spoiling," and which, alas! nursery experience has proved, is a wretched preparation for the inevitable disappointments that flesh is heir to.

For a time the devotion seemed as complete as mutual. Flora only erred in supposing that the scattered elements composing man's happiness could be garnered in a sister's bosom as securely and unchangeably as she had anchored her hopes and aspirations upon a brother's. She was, ere long (for I must hasten to the moral to which this simple bit of "owre true" family history tends), to experience that pang—a "foolish fond one," no doubt, less romantic relatives will say and think—inflicted by a rival near the throne of her brother's hitherto monopolised affections. Donald, while on service on a foreign station, had been domesticated as *aid-de-camp* in the commandant's family, and admired as a pretty lively child his colonel's only daughter. The family came to Britain, nay, to Scotland, to visit distant connexions, when M'Lachlan accidentally met them, and came home to pour in his sister's no doubt sympathising ear the ravings in which a first passion finds vent in ill-regulated minds.

It was a trial, we will confess it, for a doting sister thus situated to be the confidant of a passion which it needed no prophet to foresee would soon render her a cipher in the eyes of him who to her was all. But a sister's love is like a mother's, seldom long selfish, and Flora not only lent a patient and kindly ear to Donald's sole subject of hour-long conversations, but set herself to the more arduous task of conciliating towards a match, which something told her would be distasteful to him, the uncle over whom her influence was eagerly invoked.

She had to encounter, as she expected, a perfect tempest of disapprobation, on grounds differing in all respects, except their unreasonableness. First, the object of Donald's choice was English, a term synonymous with, and indeed falling more strangely than "foreigner" on the ear of one, the chief part of whose life had been passed abroad; and Uncle Andrew had set his heart on a Scottish bride for his heir. Then her father was a soldier, and Andrew had only, by dint of Flora's eloquence, and that of his own handsome countenance, forgiven his nephew for choosing that good-for-nothing profession. And, last of all, he had presumed to fall in love, ay, and to make his love known to others, without consulting the sole person who had a right to be consulted, and who might, if duly consulted, have made him a match for the proudest earl's daughter in Scotland. That his intended would have fortune enough to render them independent, was, instead of a softener, rather an aggravation of the offence; and her being penniless could scarcely have operated more unfavourably for the lovers.

But what cannot woman, in a cause in which her heart is embarked, by perseverance effect? Flora, who, when she first broached the subject, was deterred from renewing it by the positive assurance that its next revival would be the signal for her own irrevocable installation as her uncle's heiress, managed not only to avert that undesired consummation for herself, but actually—though it cost her months of endeavours, and an illness which frightened the old man into compliance—to get her brother a tacit permission to marry his beloved, and bring her to Castle Toshan; on the faith of a settlement equivalent to the lady's expectations in the meantime, and the open prospect at least of succession to the estate, should she prove acceptable to its crotchety owner.

It will be easily imagined by our readers with what boundless professions of thankfulness all these disinterested exertions were stimulated and rewarded by those in whose behalf they were made; the gratitude of lovers in suspense is always at fever heat. But with what equal enthusiasm Flora, while honestly relinquishing (though by no slight effort) her untenable position—the first place in her brother's affections—built for herself a life-long bower of bliss in the second and more durable character of good angel and benefactress to him and his bride, and their unborn progeny, may not be so easily understood.

All, however, will understand, and many have experienced, what it is to be neglected when we have a right to be worshipped, and supplanted where we had generously set ourselves aside. Flora had expected difficulties in smoothing matters between the gay English bride and her homely uncle. But, thanks partly to her own incessant praises of the connexion, Uncle Andrew had become vain of it; and, half angry with his old pet for her eagerness to disinherit herself, he seemed quite disposed from the first to instal the proud wife of his nephew in the position of future lady of the castle.

This was not quite what Flora expected. Though prepared to resign in her sister-in-law's favour a distinction never coveted, and often distinctly declined, it would have gratified her to make the surrender of a supremacy accepted with little seeming sense of usurpation. All this, however, would, after the first few days, have been light, had the person thus superseding justified in Flora's eyes the glamour she had cast alike over nephew and uncle.

But cold, callous, incapable of comprehending or of returning affection, the same course of youthful indulgence which had left Flora unselfish and generous, had made the colonel's daughter exacting, capricious, and domineering; qualities which, while they kept aloof the disappointed and mortified sister, failed, strange to say, to disgust the uncle or alienate the bridegroom, over the unamiable tempers of both of whom a cooler and more practised species of despotism seemed to triumph. But though towards Flora the lady was uniformly civil, nay, caressing and patronising, and forbore carefully to tyrannise, she was the cause to her, nevertheless, of a good deal of reflected suffering; both uncle and husband being sometimes unconsciously put out of sorts by the fine lady's whims, and as unconsciously revenging this upon one who was innocent in producing it, but yet was a more ready object for the expenditure of their ill humour, as being to both of them less of a stranger.

Donald, however, whose feelings towards her alone seriously affected Flora's happiness, though of course all eye and ear during the honeymoon, for his imperious bride alone, had (especially when she overreached too much) returns of fitful and violent fraternal affection, which, while compensating to the poor girl for weeks of neglect, only added, when withdrawn, to her previous unhappiness, and shook by their alternations her already harassed frame.

While sole mistress of all she surveyed at Castle Toshan, and omnipotent with its doting master, it had never occurred to Flora that he could be brought to tolerate company, and she never urged it upon him. But the new-married lady had no idea of wasting on the desert air of its vast rooms her profusion of bridal finery; and at her bold "Open Sesame!" doors long barred flew hospitably wide, dinners were planned and given; nay, a ball, though at first frowned down as too "daft-like," was at length grudgingly conceded.

During these tumultuous proceedings—the only redeeming feature in which to Flora was her having to play in them no hostess's part—she was so unwell as to be utterly unable to enjoy or partake in them. Already, indeed, she was in the first stage of an insidious disease, the germ of which lies oftener in the broken heart than physicians will allow; yet, while forcing herself to be present, in order to avoid giving offence, that spiritlessness which she could not altogether conceal only exposed her to the imputation of sullenness—that ever-ready charge of the heedless and selfish against the milder natures which they have trampled on. When, at rare moments, Donald would bestow a really kind thought on his altered sister, and rally her with what he meant for playfulness, out of her "moping melancholy," a tear was more frequently than a smile her silent answer; while looks, if not words, would convey the laughed-off reproach—"It was not so with me once, when you loved me, brother Donald."

Rockless as he was, the heir of Castle Toshan—for such his uncle had now made him (the younger brother had long been dead)—could not have been indifferent to the gradual decline of an amiable sister, if he had not about this time accompanied his wife on a six weeks' visit to her father, during which his communications with home were few and far between. And though, in the absence of more engrossing personages, Uncle Andrew had leisure to mark with alarm the drooping of his heart-broken niece, he was not the man to convey, in his brief business-like letters, the sad truth to Donald, or to impress on him the duty of coming home to cheer and watch over one who for him had sacrificed so much.

Alone alike in heart and person, confined often for days to her solitary chamber, worried, when able to come down, by her uncle's rude efforts to "minister to a mind diseased" (for her body, to do him justice, he called in all the medical aid within fifty miles round), what wonder is it that, with none to soothe or combat them, the morbid features of mental agony should lend fatal strength to the inroads of hereditary malady?

It was not till given over by all (she herself had hoped to die from the very first gnawing of the canker-worm at her heart), that her unbelieving brother came to look on disappointment's work and his, in the fast-fleeting shadow of poor Flora. That he ever felt, or admitted it to be such, may be doubted. At least he never cheered the bed he hung at times distractedly over by one fond avowal, how cruelly he had blighted, not the chimerical (or he would probably, if made aware of their extent, have called them), but legitimate expectations of one who had died for him as truly as many a frantically-bewailed heroine of romance.

To blame a man, one proud by nature, and himself neglected in youth, for not entering into and reciprocating the delicacy of a woman's attachment, is not the object of my little tale. It is to warn woman from those idols she so readily rears, and enthusiastically worships; and in whose fall, when broken, she never fails to be the crushed sufferer, that I have

lifted, with a trembling hand and saddened memory, the veil from the tomb of Flora M'Lachlan—whose sole share in the proud fabric of family greatness she sacrificed herself to rear and consolidate, was a place in the family mausoleum.

## THE BEARD HISTORICALLY CONSIDERED.

THE beard makes a considerable figure in history. The question of beard or no beard, long beards or short beards, beards on the chin or beards over the upper lip, has, before now, caused a great deal of controversy and quarrelling, nay, even bloodshed. Fetched battles have been fought on account of the beard; and at two eras an empire was governed by barbers, the power behind the thrones of Saint Louis and of Louis XI. of France having been the secret influence of their confidential shavers. Indeed, so often does the beard bud forth in the pages of French history, that—inquires the learned bibliopole Paul L. Jacob—"What is the history of the beard but the history of France?"

Like the early traditions of the being whom it adorns, the annals of the beard begin at a period before History learned to write, and when she totally depended upon obscure fables of old, or upon the imperishable monuments which antiquity bequeathed to her. From the representations on the tombs of ancient Egypt, it is perceived that the people of the Pharaohs merely adorned their countenances with a small tuft of hair, growing at the bottom of the chin, every other vestige of beard and whisker having been shorn precisely in the modern fashion of the Bedouin Arabs. The Chinese, also, have been close shavers from the days of Confucius, though that immortal sage cultivated his own to a great extent. The Jews, on the contrary, preserved their long beards with extreme care from the earliest times. It is shown in the forty-first chapter of Genesis, that when Pharaoh sent for Joseph out of the dungeon, the captive shaved himself; perhaps to conform to the customs of the people he was among, and to render his presence more acceptable to the Egyptian king. "This," says a recent commentator, "carefully considered, is one of the many passages in which the truth of the Scripture narrative is attested by an incidental and slight allusion to remarkable customs, which no mere inventor would think of noticing without explanation. Shaving was a remarkable custom of the Egyptians, in which they were distinguished from all other oriental nations, who carefully cherished their beard, and regarded its loss as a deep disgrace." The Jews, who after their bondage were forbidden to imitate the "abominations of the Egyptians," even in the smallest particular, were expressly commanded (Leviticus, chap. xix., ver. 27) not to "mar the corners of their beards." Without disobeying the order, however, there is no doubt the different tribes and different individuals did not wear their beards in one uniform shape, but according to fancy or fashion. When they mourned, all classes shaved the hair from their heads, and purposely neglected their beards, either allowing them to grow on the upper lip, or plucking them out altogether (Jeremiah, chap. xli., ver. 5). The practice was not followed by the priests, who were on no account allowed to cut their beards even in times of mourning (Leviticus, chap. xxi., ver. 5). Otherwise, the loss of the beard was thought to be a disgrace of the deepest kind. When the king of the Ammonites designed to insult David in the person of his ambassadors, he cut away half their beards.

From the days of the Israelites down to the present, the beard has been held in high estimation all over the East, except in China. An oath "by the beard" is binding to every Mahomedan who utters it, and the little courtesies of society have frequent reference to it. In Persia, wives kiss their husband's beards, and children their father's, when they salute them. Friends kiss one another's beards reciprocally when they meet, even in the streets. This custom is of great antiquity. In the ninth verse of the second book of Samuel, we find that "Joab took Amasa by the beard with his right hand to kiss him." Any indignity offered to that treasured ornament of the face is considered a mark of the highest insult. Neibuhr relates, in his travels, an anecdote of modern Persian history, which is nearly similar to the story of the Ammonite king and David's ambassadors. In 1764, Kerim Khan of Persia sent to demand payment of the tribute due for his possessions in Kermesir; but the chief of that place maltreated the officer who was sent on the errand, and among other insults, caused his beard to be cut off. On seeing his ambassador return beardless, the Persian king was so wroth, that he immediately fitted out an expedition, and conquered not only Kermesir, but all the other territories belonging to the rebellious chief.

The beard has also its share in the history of the western world. The Romans originally wore long beards, and a bearded man meant a person venerable not only for age, but wisdom; hence we may infer, that a great degree of respect was awarded to the beard in the earlier periods of their history; afterwards, it became a mark of servitude. The first who boldly ventured to shorten the long beard was Scipio



Africanus. The novelty pleased, and smooth chins became the universal fashion; but it was only the privileged classes who were allowed to shave; servants and slaves still retaining their hairy chins. So highly was the privilege of shaving esteemed, that the Roman youth offered up the first produce of their chins with solemn rites to the gods. It would appear from a line in Ovid, that a curious expedient was resorted to by the Roman dandy to remove his beard: the bard cautions him, if anxious to become a favourite with the fair sex, not to *pumice* his chin; whence we may infer that such a practice was in vogue. Little is learnt of the beard from the time of Scipio Africanus to that of Hadrian, when it again appears in history, and upon the faces of the Romans. Hadrian having his chin disfigured by scars, was content to let the hair grow to hide them, and his example was immediately followed by the Romans.

The ancient Germans wore long beards, from which circumstance some etymologists have derived the name given to the Lombards, as if it were a corruption of "Long beards." The emperor Otho is said to have made a luxuriant display of beard, which he so much revered, that he swore by it on all solemn occasions.

The history of beards in France begins with that of mustaches, which were introduced into the country by Clodion de Chevelu, before the time of Clovis; whose era was in the fifth and sixth centuries. This monarch, however, transferred the practice of wearing hair from the upper lip back to the chin, where fashion had kept it from the earliest times. Clovis held his own beard in the highest estimation, as, indeed, was natural, for it was the cause of his gaining a large addition to his territory. That which we now call France was then divided into many kingdoms; the south-west part belonging to Alaric II., king of the Visigoths, by which name his subjects were known. Clovis was anxious to cultivate the friendship of his royal neighbour, and thought the highest token of esteem he could send him would be that which he prized most highly himself—his beard. This large lock of hair was accordingly transmitted in state to Alaric, and borne by special ambassadors: but the honour was contemptuously slighted by the Visigoth—he would have preferred, perhaps, a more intrinsically valuable present; at all events, he treated the ambassadors from the Frankish court with indignity and derision. On their return, the loyal subjects of Clovis were violently incensed, and swore that they would abstain from clipping their own beards till ample revenge had been taken for the insult put upon that of their sovereign. They kept their oath to the letter, for Clovis soon after entered the field at the head of a powerful host of unshorn followers; and in the year of grace 507, the battle of the beards was fought at Vouille, near Poitiers, in which the Visigoths were completely defeated. Alaric fell by the hand of him whose beard he had insulted, and Clovis took possession of the whole of his territories, which extended to the foot of the Pyrenees. This was a proud day for beards, the proudest, perhaps, which history furnishes; and to so high a pitch of estimation had they arrived in the seventh century, that the beard was considered a badge of high distinction and a mark of nobility. Nothing could exceed the care which was bestowed upon the long beards of that epoch: they were trimmed with the most artistic regard to effect; they were anointed, curled; and, that nothing should be wanting to render them ornamental in the highest degree, they were frequently powdered with gold and silver dust. By the ninth century, this affection for the beard became so great, that it was thought impossible to have too much hair on the face; as at that time Charles the Bald, to balance the deficiencies of his head, re-introduced the mustaches of Clodion. Even the clergy—seldom otherwise than "shaven and shorn"—were bitten with the beard mania, and the great scandal of their brethren of the eastern church: the infection even reached the papal throne. The consequence was, that a great schism was created between the eastern and the western churches, which reached such a climax, that Photius the beardless, patriarch of Constantinople, went the length of solemnly excommunicating the beard of Pope Nicholas I. It would seem that the decisive manner in which the oriental Christians set their faces against beards, had the desired effect; for we find that in Louis VII.'s time (1137-1180), the monks and friars had taught themselves to despise the beard as one of the pomps and vanities of a wicked world, and returned to smooth faces and razors. The then bishop of Roanne thought that so excellent an example ought not to be lost upon the people at large, and enjoined them to follow it; but the wordily minded laity—accustomed to join the ideas of liberty and privilege with their beards—refused to adopt the suggestion, and were then in spite of the bishop; whereupon that reverend father became incensed. He not only launched hard-hitting anathemas, from the pulpit, at the heads which continued bearded, but excommunicated every individual in his diocese who refused to be shaved. Alarmed by his awful fulminations, the more pious submitted themselves to the barber's hands; but there were patriots in those days, and these flew to arms; the commotion spread like wild-fire over the kingdom, and it was not till many had sacrificed their lives in defence of their chins, that the rebellion was quelled by the authority of the king. Louis VII. found himself obliged to take part with the clergy, and, like a wise king, set the first ex-

ample, by having his own beard taken off; overcoming by this simple act the prejudices of his people, and making them beardless.

No further notice of beards occurs in French history till the reign of Francis I. That monarch happening to amuse himself with his courtiers one day in winter, was struck on the chin with a piece of tile, which chanced to be taken up in a snow-ball. As the wounded part could not be shaved, he let his beard grow, and thus beards came again into fashion from a wound on a royal chin—a cause exactly similar to that which caused their restoration amongst the Romans. After his death, another silence occurs on the subject. Still, it is quite evident, from what took place after, that it occupied no small share of public attention, else how can we account for the large importation from Spain of artificial beards, which took place in the sixteenth century? So great was the rage for this kind of false hair, that even the clergy adopted its use; and here begins the literary history of the beard. Some of their brethren, together with a few pious laymen, attacked them in pamphlets for their fopperies, and a furious paper warfare ensued. One of the bearded ecclesiastics, Pierrius Valerianus, cited St Jerome, St Clement of Alexandria, and St Epietamus, in favour of the doctrine of long beards. He was opposed by Junius, a Dutch physician, and Dumoulin, an eminent legal writer. A subject so susceptible of ridicule did not escape it; and Dr Gentien Hervet composed two contradictory treatises satirising the discussion. Nor was learning wanting in the controversy. A celebrated juriconsult, Antoine Hotman, composed a treatise entitled *Pagonias—De Barbâ et Comâ* (concerning beard and hair, &c., Antwerp, 1586). The controversy lasted for more than half a century, and only subsided when the clerical advocates of the beard were shamed into being once more closely shorn. Meantime, the laity steadily persevered in exhibiting beards, though of frequently changed fashion, that which was longest in vogue being the pointed beard and thin mustache, which found favour during the greater part of Henry IV.'s reign. When the son of this monarch, Louis XIII., mounted the throne at the tender age of nine years, the courtiers, because the infant king could have no beard, resolved they would have none either; and even the faces of old men were freed from hair, except small whiskers and a tuft beneath the under lip; this is the first notice which history supplies of the ornament called by modern fops "an imperial." The honest Duke of Sully was the only courtier who was bold enough to set fashion at defiance, and to appear in the juvenile presence with his beard, as he had been in the habit of wearing it in the preceding reign. The closely-cropped courtiers laughed at his grave old-fashioned appearance. The duke, nettled at the affront, said to the young king, "Sire, when your father of glorious memory did me the honour to consult me on his great and important affairs, the first thing he did was to send away all the buffoons of his court." From these times to the present, the mustache—whose entrances and exits on the pages of history were hitherto few and far between—retained a more permanent place upon the lips of the French public; but of this sort of beard we shall have more to say presently.

France does not, however, monopolise the history of the beard. It has had its vicissitudes in other countries. Spain claims the honour of inventing whiskers; to Italy is due the merit of the round full-bottomed beard in which her senators (especially those of Venice) took much pride. It cannot be said of Russia that any more than one prominent event occurred to the chins of her inhabitants; but that was of so grave a character, that it will live in history so long as beards grow. No act of the reign of Peter the Great was so obnoxious as the tax by which he endeavoured to extinguish the beards of his people. This monarch ordained that the noblemen, gentlemen, tradesmen, and artisans (the priests and peasants excepted), should pay a hundred roubles for liberty to wear their beards; that the lower classes should pay one copeck for the same liberty; and he established clerks at the different gates, to collect these duties. Such a new and singular impost disturbed the vast empire of Russia. Both religion and manners, as well as fashion, were thought in danger. Complaints were heard from all parts; and some even went so far as to write libels against the sovereign. But notwithstanding this, the decree against beards was rigidly put in force, and the most unlawful violence was publicly committed; the razor and the scissors were everywhere active. A great number, to avoid more cruel extremities, obeyed with reluctant sighs. Some of them carefully preserved the sad trimmings of their chins; and in order never to be separated from these favourite locks, ordered that they should be placed with them in their coffins.

The important part played by the beard in the continental annals has demanded so much of our space, that we have but little room left for its English history. This commences with the Saxon chronicles. The followers of Hengist and Horsa had their faces nearly covered with hair; and the Normans, when they landed in England, boasted they would shave them; which in truth they did; for after the conquest, their own fashion prevailed—that of a thin mustache on the upper lip. Afterwards, tufts on various parts of the chin, full beards, whiskers of various shapes and lengths, had their day; and during Queen Elizabeth's

reign, the beards of the students of Lincoln's Inn became so preposterous in their dimensions, that they were brought under regulation by a statute of the benchers. Upon their records, the following entry appeared:—"Ordered—that no fellow of this house do wear a beard of above a fortnight's growth." Transgression was punished with fine, loss of commons (starvation), and finally, expulsion. Fashion, however, prevailed; and in the following year, all previous orders were repealed. The peaked beard of Charles I.'s reign, with its accompaniment, the mustache, is familiar to all from its figuring so constantly in the portraits of Vandyke. At the Restoration, Charles II. and his court appeared with mustaches, which struggled to retain their popularity throughout the reigns of William and Mary, and George I.; but in the latter age they totally disappeared, except on the countenances of cavalry soldiers. A recent monarch, some of whose professional tastes accompanied him from the navy to the throne, ordered a comprehensive shave of even cavalry lips, and not one escaped the havoc of the razor except the Life-Guards. With the present reign, however, came a new crop of beard on the upper lips of our gallant troopers, which they still continue to wear. Besides these privileged cultivators of the mustache, it continues to be patronised by a few widely scattered and various individuals, including gentlemen of fortune, who do not care to incur a charge of singularity for the gratification of a whim; a few professors of music and painting, full of notions about the artistic effect of the capillary lip; a considerable number of swindlers, wishing to pass for foreign counts and commanders; young men who have been, or are going to the continent; and lastly, a few London hair-dressers who deal in the fictitious article, and wish thus to advertise it. False mustaches are a good deal worn in London, particularly by city clerks and west-end shopmen, who, unable to appear in that guise at the desk or counter during business hours, find it vastly convenient to clap on the decoration with their best coat and cane, when they go in an evening or on a Sunday afternoon to sun themselves in the blaze of aristocratic beauty's eyes in the parks.

The history of the beard affords a striking example of the importance which is often attached to the merest trifles. Men have submitted to abstract tyrannies without a groan, who, if dictated to on the subject of beards, would pluck out bilbo at once, and rather overturn dynasties than retract a hair's breadth. "Ask me to go to the uttermost ends of the earth, to bring home the top stone of the great pyramid, or explore the course of the Niger," cries the captain in the anecdote to his lady-love, "but do not ask me to part with my mustache!" Men are seen even at this day making a principle of whiskers, beard, and mustache, who make a principle of few other things, and spending as much good martyrdom in a matter of hair, as would set them up as patriots and truth-seekers for the whole of their days.

#### MESSRS CHAMBERS'S SOIRÉE.

THE soirée which the publishers of this paper annually give to their working people, took place this year on the 6th of June, in the usual place, namely, one of the long galleries of the printing-house, which was adorned with flowers, green boughs, and pictures, for the occasion, and seated for two hundred persons. Mr William Chambers occupied the chair, and Mr Robert Chambers acted as vice-chairman. Amongst the invited guests present were Lords Cuninghame and Murray, Lord Bernard Howard, the Rev. Mr Bennie, the Right Rev. Dr Gillis, Dr Fyfe, Dr Thomas Murray, Rev. Dr Steven, Mr Fletcher of Dunans, Sir Charles Gordon, Mr Duncan Maclaren, Mr Charles Maclaren, Chev. Duriez, and Mr Robert Gillilan. Tea and coffee having been served,

Mr W. Chambers rose and said—

One of the first duties I am called upon to perform is a very pleasant one—to explain the object of the present meeting, and to introduce the parties composing it to each other. It is an entertainment on temperance principles, given by my brother and myself to the numerous individuals whom we employ, now amounting to about 80 in number. And, with the view of gracing the meeting, we have invited and been honoured with the presence of a number of valued friends, some of whom are among the most distinguished for their intellectual attainments in this country. This, then, is essentially a meeting of persons moving in very opposite spheres of life, yet animated by good-will towards each other, and desirous of mutual accommodation and friendship. This, it is further essential to explain, is the sixth soirée held under the present roof; and my brother and I are hopeful that it will not afford less pleasure and satisfaction than any that has gone before it. Five years ago, when we first attempted such a soirée, it was with the sole object of bringing together, for at least one evening in the year, two classes of persons—employers and employed; that is to say, my brother and I on the one hand, and the individuals to whom we were indebted for personal labour on the other. It appeared to us



that no little good might be done by this species of assemblage. Our own constant occupations as furnishers of literary material, independently of other considerations, put it out of our power to cultivate more than a professional acquaintanceship with our workmen. Hurried along in our respective lines of duty, little time was left for converse or compliment. We felt that this was scarcely correct in a social point of view, although quite according to general usage. The plan ordinarily followed by employers is to give certain wages in cash, for a certain quantity of work, and there an end. Only one bond of union seems to exist, and that is money—a bond which, I take leave to say, is infinitely more feeble than that which is cemented by personal considerations. Its weakness has been deplorably manifested of late years, in the gradually growing distrust between the two classes of employers and employed; and which, as is too well-known, has broken out into acts of outrage, dangerous to the public peace. All this my brother and I consider to be utterly bad; and we resolved to do what we could, in our limited sphere, to produce harmony between the elements of the social machine. In short, we determined to break down the barrier which separated us from our workmen, and meet them on all broad principles of humanity—to treat them on all occasions with a proper and considerate courtesy—to meet with them one evening in the year, round the same table, and there to interchange with them the language of affection and esteem.

There was perhaps a selfishness in this resolution. Kindness begets kindness. We hoped to convince our men that our interests were identified; that if we were successful in our enterprises, so would they be well employed; that if our business slackened or ceased, so must they cease to be employed, and impoverishment visit their hitherto comfortable firesides. This truth, however, was so palpable, that our intelligent operatives required no persuasive eloquence to comprehend it. It cannot be doubted, that when a workman feels that his interests are identified with his employer's, he will exert himself to meet his employer's wishes. He will, however, go even further, if that employer treat him with becoming consideration, be affable towards him in ordinary intercourse, rejoice in his well-doing, sorrow for his afflictions. It is indeed astonishing how much good may be done by a single kindly act, or kindly spoken word. Man-kind, after all, are governed as much by the affections as the understanding. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." And has any circumstance in this kind of intercourse led to an infringement of what may be called our rights and social position as employers?—no such thing. I feel assured that a more respectful, more obedient, more tractable body of operatives, does not exist than those we have the happiness to retain in our office. I do not believe there is one in this room who does not look upon us as his friend, or who would not put up with much personal inconvenience to serve us. Frequently, when it has been found necessary to work from a very early to a late hour, in order to meet some pressing demand, all have volunteered frankly and promptly to vanquish the difficulty, and it always has been vanquished accordingly. When I associate these qualities with those which it is now trite to mention—general steadiness and temperance—I am entitled to say that the working-classes, with a proper system of discipline, and kindly and considerate treatment, and, I may add, by being properly taught to rely on their own internal resources, would be something very different from what, in ordinary circumstances, they unhappily are.

I am glad to say that our establishment during the past year has been spoken of by a commissioner from the crown in an approving manner; and in that gentleman's report to parliament, it is recommended as in some sense a model for factory management. The thing which the commissioner was most pleased with was the library connected with the office; this library was begun with a mere handful of books in 1834, and now numbers about 900 volumes. I find, on examination, that the average number of volumes given out weekly amounts to 60; therefore very few are ever without a book of some kind. Next, he speaks of the school which we have established for the benefit of the younger class of boys; and I am glad to think that this also is doing well. Since he was here, we have added a Sunday evening school, which the boys and girls attend regularly, and where they are instructed in the doctrines and precepts of religion. Another institution in the office is referred to with approbation—the Savings' Bank. This has been in existence only 63 weeks, and the money passing through it has been £171, 10s. The average deposits are £2, 15s. weekly, the individual deposits ranging from a single penny to two shillings.

It has hitherto been usual for me to say something here of the progress of our respective publications, but that subject has now so little novelty to recommend it, that I shall best consult your feelings by passing it over with only one or two observations. All I am glad to say, continue to be eminently successful, a circumstance which we are inclined to think may be in some measure owing to the perfect independence of principle on which they are conducted; it having been our practice from the very first to rely entirely on our own conceptions—to shun all sectarian

and party spirit—to court no patronage—and to appeal throughout to those broad principles of morals which are recognised by every right-thinking individual. Since we last had the pleasure of meeting you here, we have, as you know, completed one of the most arduous tasks in which we have ever been engaged; I mean the "Information for the People," a work which, without any regard to its merits, must be looked upon as a curiosity in literature, for more has been printed of it than of any other book of the kind, perhaps, in the world. This book extends to 100 sheets, each a distinct branch of human knowledge; of these, the general average sale has been 70,000 of each sheet—though, in some instances, it has been upwards of 100,000—and altogether there have been about 7,000,000 disposed of—scattered all over the United Kingdom and colonies. But, in fact, there seems no stop to the vast consumption of the work; for although it has been finished for six months, a machine is kept constantly printing it. Altogether, to the present time, this work has absorbed nearly 15,000 reams of paper, weighing in all 170 tons. I am told by a gentleman who has taken the trouble to calculate, that if all the volumes of the work were bound up and ranged in a line, they would require a shelf five miles in length.

It is, I think, important to reflect, that if the spread of such cheap works be any way advantageous in enlightening the minds of the people, it has no tendency to grind down the wages of operatives, or to lessen their numbers. The produce of our machines gives employment to a host of persons, who, by the old plan of printing, could not have been employed at all. The employment is also as remunerative as any other branch of mechanical industry, and it certainly has the merit of being as steady. While the high-priced book-trade has been extremely depressed, and when printers were out of work in scores, we have never been what is called dull. When one standard subject of labour was finished by the completion of the "Information," we began another, the "Cyclopædia of English Literature," prepared by my brother and competent assistants, and which has kept the house in constant work. And I doubt not that when it is done, something else of a popular nature will cast up. At all events, the workmen whom I address know, that in all the vicissitudes of the trade, we have never dismissed a hand. Throughout the distresses of last winter, we kept every man in full employment, and at his ordinary wages; and not only so, but taken new persons into our employment. In the course of the year, we have enlarged the power of the establishment by various additions, and it is now more complete than at any previous period.

Mr Dickson, superintendent of the printing-office, then spoke as follows:—

Mr Chairman—It has again become my duty, on behalf of my fellow-workmen, to thank you for the kindly sentiments you have just expressed towards us. But we have more to thank our employers for than their benevolent sentiments. We would express our gratitude for their benevolent acts, which have in the past year truly harmonised with their conduct during the whole time it has been our good fortune to be in their employment. They have manifested, as formerly, the same sympathy with our well-being, not only as workmen, but as men—the same considerate watchfulness over our private good or ill-fortune, as over our business interests. Thus far we are grateful for ourselves; but there is another subject for gratitude, upon which we feel almost as deeply, though it does not immediately concern us—I mean the gratuitous education extended to the junior members of this establishment. For that we thank you most cordially on their behalf, as they perhaps are not yet of an age to appreciate the benefits of your kindness to the fullest extent, though, when they do arrive at such an age, they will, I doubt not, look back upon their educational benefactors with tenfold gratitude. The solicitude you have ever shown for the mental as well as physical welfare of every person in your establishment, from the highest to the lowest, shows that you are the advocates of popular knowledge and instruction in the best sense of these terms. Of you it may be truly said, that what you preach you practise. The principles which are so extensively disseminated in public through your means, as editors and publishers, you rigidly follow out in private as masters. By your liberality, the adults among us are supplied with wholesome recreation from a useful library. By your benevolent sacrifices, the younger persons receive into their minds the seeds of wholesome instruction. Neither is your superintending care confined to our mental advancement. Our friends around us have already heard by what means we have been enabled to improve our circumstances, by husbanding our pecuniary resources. We cannot but look back upon the establishment of a Savings' Bank at your suggestion, and by your support, as an additional proof of the interest you take in our general welfare. But, sir, by acts such as I have adverted to—acts which convince us that your regard for our welfare is unceasing and sincere—the master and man become closely united, not by the frail bonds of hire and wage, but by the more durable ties of goodwill and mutual esteem. And I am sure I speak the sentiments of my fellow-labourers when I say, that as each of these happy meetings arrives, new desires spring up within them to do their part towards ren-

dering the bond of union with our employers more strong and lasting than ever. In conclusion, sir, we desire to offer our sincere congratulations on the continued success which rewards your judicious management as editors and men of business; and we offer them less because it affords us, as workmen, prospects of long-continued employment under masters we so highly esteem and respect, than from the evidence your success furnishes, that the great principles of benevolence and universal education advocated in, and helped by, your publications, are triumphing with the public. Lastly, we sincerely trust that your hopes and wishes in this and in every other respect may be fully realised, and that all the happiness you can wish for yourselves and for your families may be yours and theirs.

Mr William Chambers shortly after rose, and pronouncing an affectionate eulogy on the merits of the head of the mercantile department, Mr William Inglis, presented him with a gold watch and chain, as a mark of gratitude for the faithful and diligent services of twelve years, and a token of personal esteem and friendship.

An entertainment of fruit, cake, and lemonade followed, and the company were regaled with songs, glees, and the performances of an instrumental band under the leadership of Mr Spindler. Several of the gentlemen present, on their healths being given by the chairman, and duly responded to, expressed the greatest satisfaction in being present at a scene where the kindly social affections attributed to a former period of history seemed to have been revived, and the dissociating feelings of the passing time, distrust, jealousies, and discontents of all kinds, appeared to be hushed to rest. Thereafter,

Mr Robert Chambers delivered an address on a point affecting the welfare of the working-classes generally. "Perhaps, my friends," he said, "this is not an inappropriate occasion to ask if the alleged defects in the condition of the working-people of this country are not capable of being in some measure remedied by the working-people themselves. I would waive as much as possible the question as to other causes of these alleged defects; I must also overlook such an extreme case as the depression of the last two or three years. Let us take the average condition of the working-people, and admit that it is not what might be wished. Still, it cannot be pretended that the evils are wholly external to the working-classes themselves; such a doctrine would be extremely dangerous, in as far as it would tend to relieve a large body of men from all responsibility as to their own conduct. And perhaps the inclination of the present day to look to political conditions for the cause of every imaginable subject of complaint, has in some degree had this very effect, and either made men think it hopeless to attempt to improve their circumstances in such a state of things, or given them an excuse for conduct in itself highly detrimental to their fortunes. I wish to limit the question for the present strictly to the control which the working-classes, in fair external circumstances, have over their own fate, and the present and future comfort of those dependent on them.

The working man, of course, looks to his wages for the means of subsistence. He depends on the remuneration of his labour. The amount of the wages of each man depends, again, on fixed laws of our mundane economy, as fixed, apparently, as those which regulate the movements of the planets. On that point it is needless to say a single word, because all the complaints which could be vented about it would be unavailing to raise permanently the wages of any man by a single penny. I therefore set this aside as a settled matter: all I have to consider is, how the working man is to turn his gains to best advantage for his own benefit, present and future.

Now, here, at the very outset, we are presented with the signal fact, that there is one great distinction between the middle (who are generally the trading and employing) and the working-classes. It is, let us observe, only a general distinction. There are many exceptions, no doubt, on both sides; but the general case is unaffected by these. This general case seems to me to be, that the working-classes have little or no capital. They possess scarcely any reserve funds, on which to fall back in the event of a failure of employment, or a disability from sickness or other casualty. Even here there are many exceptions; but still it is in the main true, that the working-classes are distinguished from the other classes by the want of capital, or accumulated savings. The effects of this are very evident. Whenever employment, from any cause, ceases, the working man—unless in that minor proportion of instances in which some saving arrangement has been made—is plunged into poverty, or, more properly speaking, destitution. Hence follow great domestic sufferings, a surrender of independence and all its moral benefits, exposure to severe maladies, temptation to drunkenness, the neglect of parental duties, and a thousand other evils. In such circumstances, the spirit of the honest poor man is crushed; he becomes perhaps less troublesome about his abstract rights and grievances than he is at other times—but, alas! his quietness is the torpor of an utterly downcast mind. This is certainly most lamentable, for it implies not only great suffering in a certain number of our fellow-creatures, but an allow-



ing and debasement of the whole moral condition of those men, and their consequent preparation for still greater evils.

When I consider that it is not two or three scattered persons that are subjected casually and occasionally to such privations, but a large portion of one important section of a great nation, I cannot consent to think that the evil is an inevitable and irremediable one, occurring only in the course of providence, and which we are bound resignedly to submit to. Evil is generally seen in smaller exceptions from the usual course of Divine benevolence. I think, on the contrary, that the evil may be remedied, and that the remedy is in the power of the working-classes themselves, if they would only think so, and set about employing it. It always appears to me in the light of an absolute folly, to suppose that a working man must necessarily be for ever at the brink of poverty. I have, in the course of my life, been in the way of gaining as little as any working man. I had no means of gaining more, because I had nothing but my brain and my hands by which to gain anything. But I never could see any reason why I should daily spend the whole of what I daily gained. I always lived within my income, whatever it was; and now, on looking back over a business-career of twenty-five years, I am free to declare, that, though I have often been almost without coin in my pocket, yet I never knew what poverty was: I never found myself poor, simply because my wishes and my wants were always within the measure of my gains. Nor was this a painful mode of life. Though I had been reared in more comfortable circumstances, and had my mind expanded in some measure by education, narrow circumstances were not bitter, when I could infuse into them the glowing reflection, that I wrought for my own bread, owed no man anything, and was constantly adding a little to that humble store in which lay the germ of future respectability. Why may not other men act on this principle? There is evidently nothing to prevent their doing so, if they have the inclination. There is no working man living upon the full expenditure of a particular amount of wages, who does not see others living on some smaller amount: he, too, therefore, may live upon a smaller amount if he chooses, and save the surplus. To do so, it is only necessary that there should be a vigorous resolution tending that way: the will finds the means, and the effect is certain. What, then, will create the will?—for there lies the point. The first requisite, I humbly conceive, is an intellectual conviction that the thing is practicable—the second is the excitement and keeping up of a dignified moral feeling, which makes the sense of independence more gratifying than the meaner pleasures which compete with this moral feeling.

Addressing myself to the consideration of the first requisite, I proceed to show that a little saving on the part of a working man will produce in the course of a few years. What I am to state may be learned in fifty quarters; but many are, nevertheless, not aware of it—nay, pass through their whole lives without being aware of it—and it can never therefore be too often told. The saving of one shilling and sixpence per week, supposing the money deposited in the National Security Savings' Bank, produces no less than forty pounds fifteen shillings in nine years. Now, even forty pounds is a considerable amount of capital. But there are few working men who, during their early years, while unmarried, may not save more than eighteenpence a-week. Some might easily save twice that sum, some thrice, some even four times. For every eighteenpence which is saved, forty pounds fifteen shillings are accumulated in nine years. Of course, a man saving six shillings a-week has a hundred and sixty-three pounds—a perfect fortune to a person in his situation. With such a sum at his disposal, a working man is comparatively independent. He can remove from one place to another, if he pleases, in search of better employment. He can take advantage of opportunities to study for some higher kind of work in his business, by which he will materially improve his circumstances for the future. Sinking that sum at thirty-one years of age, he would be entitled to an annuity of twenty-seven pounds for life, to commence twenty years after, when his powers of working began to fail. Suppose he marries, it sets up his house comfortably, and, if carefully dealt with, may leave over enough to assure him of the means of educating his children. If he should be ambitious of rising in the world, and has a vocation to trade, it would enable him to set up in business. In short, there is a vast number of good ends to be served by the possession of one hundred and sixty-three pounds. Now, supposing a man commences as a full-paid worker at sixteen, he may possess this sum by the time he is five-and-twenty. Say he is eighteen before he becomes a full-paid worker, he is, after all, not more than seven-and-twenty when the time of his wealth has arrived. But, it will be said, a working man, with a wife and children to support, cannot save even three shillings a-week. That may be true; but why are we necessarily to suppose him to be a married man? The object we have in view is to make the operative a capitalised man, as the middle classes are. To work out this end, he must consent to do as the middle classes do. They, in general, do not plunge into matrimony the moment they attain manhood. Their

custom is, on the contrary, to devote a few years to settling themselves comfortably—that is to say, to gathering a little capital, or rising to a respectable station in life—before they marry. And twenty-seven, accordingly, is about the average time of life at which the middle classes marry in this country. There may be some disadvantages in this system; but I am satisfied that they are nothing in comparison with the advantages. It is, in fact, mainly what tends to keep up the middle classes at a certain point in respectability. And there is no real hardship in it. It is but proper to youth to go through the refining fire of a period of self-denial and unusually active exertion. I see in this something analogous to the severe but judicious probation to which, according to the Roman historian, our Teutonic ancestors were subjected. Early youth, too, is not the period when the burden of a family sits gracefully upon a man: it does not look appropriate till towards or after thirty. We must also consider that the comfort of a female is concerned—a being for whom the tenderest feelings of our nature are engaged. What is it but an act of barbarous selfishness, to take one of these gentle, affectionate, and only too confiding beings, from her home, and give her children to rear, while there is no assurance of the means of enabling her to live, and bring up her offspring, in some degree of comfort. I do not wish to speak harshly—nor am I disposed to take partial views against the working-classes—but I wish to speak the truth, as far as my judgment enables me; and I must accordingly say, that it seems to me as if it were in the arrangements and provisions for matrimony that the working-classes do fall most strikingly below the middle classes in virtue, and consequently in all that virtue leads to. It is now uncommon for a youth of the middle ranks who has only an income to depend upon, to marry before he has made an assurance to a considerable amount upon his life. I here speak from some share of personal observation, for it happens every day at the life-assurance society where I am a director, that policies are called for with an urgent limitation of a day for their being passed, in order that this most essential part of the wedding arrangements may be concluded before the priest comes to tie the connubial knot. Here, my friends, I say it with mortification, not triumph, I see a point of superior management in the middle over the humbler classes. It is by such acts of providence that they, in reality, maintain their station in the world. Amongst the higher ranks, such provisions are even more matters of course. Such provisions lead to independence, and independence is power. Without such independence, I feel assured that the working-classes never will have power—they must ever continue to be adstricted or bound to those above them.

This is not the place to enter more largely into an explanation of the means and modes by which the working-classes may attain capital and independence. All these may be studied in a tract which I had the pleasure of writing, under the title of *Social Economics of the Industrious Orders*, and which constitutes the seventieth number of Chambers's Information for the People. Let me only remark, that, in a soundly constituted Friendly Society, such as that established in this city in connexion with the School of Arts, a man entering at twenty-five, and paying a shilling a-month, entitles himself to an allowance in sickness of ten shillings a-week for the first year of its duration, seven shillings and sixpence a-week for a second year, and five shillings a-week thereafter until he reaches sixty, should his sickness so long continue—the allowance only ceasing then, because he is supposed to have also contributed to an annuity fund, the benefits of which will then commence.

With regard to the second requisite—the excitement and keeping up of a love of the independence to be thus secured—I would remark, that, for that end, the knowledge of the facts of the case may surely be expected to be powerfully operative. Who that knows what providence leads to, would not wish to be provident? But the grand means of stirring up this feeling is to establish a small deposit. Begin to save—however limited—and the joys of saving will help wonderfully to make you continue to save. The pride of a little possession is a noble feeling—for, as the same ingredients in different proportions produce aqua-fortis and vital air, so does the same principle in different proportions produce selfish avarice, and the pure and sustaining moral feeling which arises in the bosom of him who contemplates his small hard-earned hoard, not, as Burns says,

—to hide it in a hedge,  
Or in a train attendant,  
But for the glorious privilege  
Of being independent!

We cannot, of course, expect that the working-classes are all at once to become careful of their earnings, and consequently infant capitalists—that must be the work of time; but, in the meantime, I would, in my own small sphere of influence, endeavour to prompt them to this course; and I believe, if others were to do so likewise, to the extent of their power, a good effect would be produced. There are several instances within my knowledge of employers having established Savings' Banks amongst their men, and by that means produced a considerable moral change in their workshops, as well as in the

dwelling of their workmen, supplanting habits of drunkenness with habits of temperance, and introducing all the blessed accompaniments of a sober life. If, however, any one would attempt such a reformation, he must make up his mind to tell working men the truth. To encourage him to do so, let him be assured that the truth, spoken in the language of kind feeling, is always sure in the long-run to triumph. It has been too much the practice of late years to appeal to the vanity only of working men, to cajole them with the idea that their distresses proceed from any cause but one resting with themselves. I, on the contrary, while reserving my opinions as to the external causes of the evils affecting the working-classes, would keep my eyes open to the internal causes also, and would fain induce them to set about the reforming of these—for, assuredly, if any one was bruised by a blow which he could not help, that would be no reason for his abandoning all idea of saving himself from a fever which he had brought upon himself. In this spirit, I cannot help remarking, that the keepers of Savings' Banks in Scotland have everywhere one tale to tell—that the principal contributors are not working men, but female servants. I must also advert to the very considerable sums spent by working men (not by all working men, but by many) upon what does them no good, but infinite harm—intoxicating liquor. I must advert to a remark very generally made by employers, that their workmen derive less benefit from increased wages than is to be wished, and that he is no nearer poverty who has only twelve shillings a-week than he who has twenty or thirty shillings. Some time ago, I heard of a small group of English workmen being brought down to an iron-work in Lanarkshire, and paid for some time, on account of the high value of their peculiar skill, at the rate of no less than five pounds a-week. With shame and grief I relate that, after a few months, when discharged, these men had saved nothing from their unprecedented gains. Lately, visiting a factory in this city, which has temporarily stopped, my brother found that the discharged workmen, some of whom had received as much as two pounds per week, were left at the hour of their discharge as ill off as those paid at a much lower rate, and became objects of public charity. Now, from such wages, these men might have easily made such provision as would have carried them over the time of stoppage, with the preservation of their independence. Is it not most deplorable that men will neglect a duty so clearly placed before them, and which might be so easily, nay, agreeably discharged? I must own I hear of such things with infinite pain; and when I soon after find some one declaiming on the hardships of the working-classes, the tendency of my mind is to treat it as something little better than mockery. Mockery I know it is not altogether; but yet, associated as the internal causes of hardship are with the external, it requires a strong effort to allow that there is anything in the condition of the working-classes which a little care and prudence on their own part might not easily remedy.

It only remains, before I sit down, that I repeat to the working people here the expression of my sincere regard for the welfare of their class, and intimate a hope, that they will see nothing to the contrary in this address.

The remainder of the evening was spent in the greatest harmony.

#### SALMON AND SEA TROUT.

[From the *Inverness Courier*.]

THE biography of salmon has lately been very fully illustrated; and in the last number of Blackwood's Magazine, we have an interesting and satisfactory communication (from the pen, we suspect, of Dr Knox), describing certain experiments made by Mr Andrew Young, Inverness, Sutherlandshire, and Mr John Shaw, Drumlanrig. Mr Shaw had previously investigated the development and early growth of salmon, from the ovum to the smolt; and its subsequent progress from the smolt to the full-grown condition, through the transitory state of grilse, has now been traced, with corresponding care, by Mr Young, who is manager of the Duke of Sutherland's fisheries in the north.

"Mr Young's experiments," says the writer in Blackwood, "were commenced as far back as 1836, and were originally undertaken with a view to show whether the salmon of each particular river, after descending to the sea, returned again to their original spawning beds, or whether, as some supposed, the main body, returning coastwards, from their feeding grounds in more distant parts of the ocean, and advancing along our inland shores, were merely thrown into, or induced to enter, estuaries and rivers by accidental circumstances; and that the numbers obtained in these latter localities thus depended mainly on wind and weather, or other physical conditions, being suitable to their upward progress at the time of their nearing the mouths of the fresher waters. To settle this point, he caught and marked all the spawned fish which he could obtain in the course of the winter months during their sojourn in the rivers. As soon as he had hauled the fish ashore, he made peculiar marks in their caudal fin by means of a pair of slipping irons, and immediately threw them back into the water. In the course of the following fishing season, great numbers were recaptured on their return from the sea, each in its own river, bearing its peculiar mark. 'We have also,' Mr Young informs us, 'another proof of the fact, that the different breeds or races of salmon continue to



revital their native streams. You are aware that the river Shin falls into the Oykel at Invershin, and that the conjoined waters of these rivers, with the Carron and other streams, form the estuary of the Oykel, which flows into the more open sea beyond or eastwards of the bar, below the Glazen Briggs. Now, were the salmon which enter the mouth of the estuary at the bar thrown in merely by accident or chance, we should expect to find the fish of all the various rivers which form the estuary of the same average weight; for if it were a mere matter of chance, then a mixture of small and great would occur indifferently in each of the interior streams. But the reverse of this is the case. The salmon in the Shin will average from seventeen pounds to eighteen pounds in weight, while those of the Oykel scarcely attain an average of half that weight. I am, therefore, quite satisfied, as well by having marked spawned fish descending to the sea, and caught them ascending the same river, and bearing that river's mark, as by a long-continued general observation of the weight, size, and even something of the form, that every river has its own breed, and that breed continues, till captured and killed, to return from year to year into its native stream.

We have heard of a partial exception to this instinctive habit, which, however, essentially confirms the rule. We are informed that a Shin salmon (recognised as such by its shape and size) was, on a certain occasion, captured in the river Conan, a fine stream which flows into the upper portion of the neighbouring Frith of Cromarty. It was marked and returned to the river, and was taken next day in its native stream, the Shin, having, on discovering its mistake, descended the Cromarty Frith, skirting the intermediate portion of the outer coast by Tarbet Ness, and ascended the estuary of the Oykel. The distance may be about sixty miles. On the other hand, we are informed by a Sutherland correspondent of a fact of another nature, which bears strongly upon the pertinacity with which these fine fish endeavour to regain their spawning ground. By the side of the river Helmsdale there was once a portion of an old channel, forming an angular bend with the actual river. In summer it was only partially filled by a detached or land-locked pool, but in winter a more lively communication was renewed by the superabounding waters. This old channel was, however, not only resorted to by salmon as a place of spawning ground during the colder season of the year, but was sought for again instinctively in summer during their upward migration, when there was no water running through it. The fish being, of course, unable to attain their object, have been seen, after various aerial boundings, to fall, in the course of their exertions, upon the dry gravel bank between the river and the pool of water, where they were picked up by the considerate natives.

Our old friend Mr Fraser, Dochnalgar, always maintained that grilse and salmon are the same—the former being young salmon. Mr Young is of the same opinion. He commenced marking grilse, with a view to ascertain that they became salmon, as far back as 1837, and has continued to do so ever since, though never two seasons with the same mark. We shall here record only the results of the two preceding years. In the spring of 1841, he marked a number of spawned grilse soon after the conclusion of the spawning period. Taking his "net and coble," he fished the river for the special purpose, and all the spawned grilse of four pounds weight were marked by putting a peculiarly twisted piece of wire through the dorsal fin. They were immediately thrown into the river, and of course disappeared, making their way downwards with other spawned fish towards the sea. "In the course of the next summer we again caught several of those fish which we had thus marked with wire as four pound grilse, grown in the short period of four or five months into beautiful full-formed salmon, ranging from nine to fourteen pounds in weight, the difference still depending on the length of their sojourn in the sea." In January 1842, he repeated the same process of marking four pound grilse which had spawned, and were therefore about to seek the sea; but instead of placing the wire in the back fin, he this year fixed it in the upper lobe of the tail or caudal fin. On their return from the sea, he caught many of these quondam grilse converted into salmon as before. Few salmon are allowed to die a natural death, and hence it is difficult to ascertain the natural term of their life. "They are occasionally," says this writer, "though rarely, killed in Britain of the weight of forty and even fifty pounds. In the comparatively unfished rivers of Scandinavia, large salmon are much more frequent, although the largest we ever heard of was an English fish, which came into the possession of Mr Groves of Bond Street. It was a female, and weighed eighty-three pounds. In the year 1841, Mr Young marked a few spawned salmon along with his grilse, employing, as a distinctive mark, copper wire instead of brass. One of these, weighing twelve pounds, was marked on the 4th of March, and was re-captured, on returning from the sea, on the 10th of July, weighing eighteen pounds; but as we know not whether it made its way to the sea immediately after being marked, we cannot accurately infer the rate of increase. It probably becomes slower every year after the assumption of the adult state. Why the salmon of one river should greatly exceed the average weight of those of another into which it flows, is a problem which we cannot solve. The fact, for example, of the river Shin flowing from a large lake, with a course of only a few miles, into the Oykel, although it accounts for its being an early river, owing to the receptive depth, and consequently higher temperature of its great nursing mother, Loch Shin, in no way, so far, at least, as we can see, explains the great size of the Shin fish, which are taken in scores of twenty pounds weight. They have little or nothing to do with the loch itself, haunting habitually the braving stream, and spawning in the shallower firths at some distance up, but still below the great basin; and there are no physical peculiarities which in any way distinguish the Shin from many other lake-born northern rivers, where salmon do not average half the size."

## THE FELON.

BY MISS FARDOE.

THE felon sat chained in his prison-cell,  
Twas his last brief day of life;  
And beside him stood they who had loved him well,  
His parents and his wife!  
The old man's heart was well nigh broke,  
Though his hair had long been gray;  
And scarce a word to his son he spoke,  
Ere he turned aside to pray.

The mother clung, with a mother's heart,  
To hope, although hope was o'er;  
And she wept o'er the ruin which had no part  
In the upright men of yore.  
The wife—oh, who shall paint the wife,  
As she knelt by his fettered knee!  
Her every bursting pulse at strife,  
And her heart one agony.

And he sat there, that bold bad man,  
With blood on his red right hand;  
And he strove to smile, but his lip began  
The struggle to withstand.  
Yet still he uttered no hopeful word;  
He spurned at his father's prayer;  
And not a throb of his dark heart stirred  
At his mother's wild despair.

He answered not to his wife's low groan,  
But he looked on each in turn;  
And a wilding light in his fierce eye shone,  
Which seemed from his brain to burn.  
The chaplain had murmured out in vain  
The holy words of peace;  
The felon saw but the cell and the chain,  
And bade him rudely cease.

"Talk you to me," he hoarsely said,  
"Of a future fraught with hope?  
Do I not know that, in its stead,  
Wait the gallows and the rope?  
Can you read no sin in your own past years,  
That your words with blame are rife?  
Can you find no food for groans and tears  
In the book of your written life?"

Away! it is a mockery all—  
Leave me to die alone;  
As I have stood, so shall I fall,  
A wronged and outraged one.  
Sinners by sinners judged are we,  
The weaker by the strong;  
The guilt of the great, men will not see;  
'Tis the little who bear the wrong!"

There was no yielding in his heart,  
No yielding in his eye;  
Cold and unmoved he stood apart,  
Proud in his infamy.  
Until at length his hard glance fell  
Where his infant sleeping lay,  
And that one look dissolved the spell  
That had thrilled him many a day.

Time was when he had seen his boy  
In decent garments clad,  
A type of sinless human joy,  
With all around him glad.  
But since foul guilt had ta'en its place  
Beside their narrow hearth,  
A shade had fallen o'er that young face,  
And swept away its mirth.

Tatters now swathed each wasted limb,  
That erst was round and strong;  
He felt it spoke reproach to him,  
Whose crime had wrought the wrong.  
"My child, my boy!" he murmured out;  
"My first-born, see me kneel;  
Thy pure young brow awakens doubt,  
It drives me mad to feel."

The priest's dull lore I have disdained,  
And scorned a father's tears;  
Still on my heart the shade remained,  
Which had hung there for years.  
All—all have sinned in thought and deed,  
And each in his degree—  
This was the bitter blighting creed  
That ruled my destiny.

But thy calm wordless sleep is full  
Of warning wisely given;  
The sinless and the beautiful,  
Which points the way to Heaven.  
'Tis well thou sleepest, hapless child,  
Or here thou couldst not stay;  
A dungeon's aspect, bleak and wild,  
Would scare thy rest away.

I thank thee, boy; the tears I weep  
Seem soothing to my brain.  
Now, hear him hence amid his sleep,  
He may not here remain.  
Away with him, lest he spy  
My guilt even in my look;  
I dare not meet his sinless eye,  
Nor bear its mute rebuke."

## LLOYD'S.

"Lloyd's" is a term of very common use in commercial language, but at the same time one with which few people are acquainted. The following notice respecting it is to be found in *Waterston's Cyclopædia of Commerce*:—"Lloyd's," the name of a subscription coffee-house in London, celebrated on account of its being the office of the Society of Underwriters. Few or none of the commercial institutions of Britain have excited in a higher degree the admiration of intelligent foreigners. The establishment of insurances at Lloyd's, says Baron Dupin, 'has rendered signal services both to the commerce of the British empire and to that of other states. The society has agents in most of the principal ports of all the parts of the world; makes public the events, both commercial and maritime, which it learns through their means; these accounts are received by the public with a confidence which nothing for more than a century has tended to destroy.' 'At Lloyd's,' says Von Raumer, 'close to the dial which tells the hour, is one still more interesting here, which tells the direction of the wind, and is connected with the weathercock on the roof. In-

telligence of the arrivals and departures of ships—of the existence and fate of vessels in all parts of the world—reports from consuls and commissioners resident in every foreign town—newspapers and gazettes from every country, are here to be found, arranged in such perfect and convenient order, that the entire actual state of the commercial world may be seen in a few minutes, and any of the countless threads that converge to this centre may be followed out with more or less minuteness. The whole earth, or the whole commercial machinery of the earth, appeared to me to be placed in the hands of the directors of Lloyd's coffee-house.' For many years, a committee of gentlemen connected with Lloyd's has superintended a registry of the qualifications of ships, which, upon the reports made of them by surveyors, are ranked in different classes, and a preference given as to employment and insurance, according to the place assigned to them. First-class ships comprise all which have not passed a prescribed age, provided they are kept in a state of complete repair and efficiency; and they are designated by the letter A. Second-class ships comprise all found on survey unfit for carrying dry cargoes, but perfectly fit for the conveyance of and from all parts of the world of cargoes not in their nature subject to sea damage; and they are designated by the letter E. Third-class ships comprise those in good condition, and found on survey fit for the conveyance on short voyages (not out of Europe) of cargoes in their nature not subject to sea damage; and they are designated by the letter I."

## THE PUBLIC PRESS.

To a close observer of the occurrences of the last fifty years, the almost imperceptible, yet certain advance of the press of Great Britain, cannot fail to awaken astonishment and conjecture. Gradually increasing in height and strength, nourished by adversity, strengthened and fostered by tempests and storms, it has indeed become a mighty and a giant tree, "whose height reaches unto heaven, and the sight thereof to the end of all the earth." Recognising no law but its own will, now yielding to the blast, now guiding the lightning of wrath to the proud, the tyrannical, and the vile, claiming to protect beneath its broad shadow the rights and liberties of the people, the dominion of the laws, and the integrity of the state, making its strength to be known in the very inmost convales of councillors and kings, never was there in any age or clime aught that might be made productive of so much good or evil as that mighty, wide-reaching, penetrating energy concentrated in the existing public press of the civilised world. And in no country is this more true than in Great Britain. The immense intellect continually augmenting its resources, rendering available the wealth and information of the merchant, the subtlety of the philosopher, the stores of science, and the loveliness of art, with the increasing demand for knowledge, and the numberless opportunities for mental championship to exhibit its strength, have combined to render the press, as a body, the most influential and respected for its talent and integrity of any that have ever divided the public attention, or demanded the public applause. From the mere chronicler and gazetter of court balls and of battles, it has become the monitor of kings and the counsellor of senates. It would be hard to point out any advance in popular knowledge or liberality to which it has not most materially contributed, any cause involving the interests of liberty or truth in the van of which it has not fought. Small and distant is the first cloud on the political horizon; a humble individual has been punished for a resistance insignificant, though meritorious, if it involved not some great principle; tidings of persecution and suffering roll hurrying onward, until the overcharged heavens, lowering with indignation, burst in vengeance upon the oppressor; and in times of public inertness or agitation, now lashing the ocean into wrath, now calming the waters into peace and serenity, its efforts have been as beneficial as its power is unprecedented and immense. —*Australian and New Zealand Monthly Magazine.*

## INTERESTING FACT.

There is at present in the possession of an individual in this place a male canary of about fifteen years of age, that is unable to feed itself, and to whose musical powers ill-natured time has put a complete stop. On the same floor, but in a separate apartment, is another male canary, a son of the aged bird. This young one being allowed to leave his cage early in the morning, and fly about at pleasure, is in the practice of visiting his old friend, and kindly feeding him as birds feed their young; and this he does several times in the course of the day. He also perches on the cage of his progenitor, and sings with great spirit, no doubt to cheer up his old relative in his declining days. The old bird has a particular way of calling on this prop of his old age when he requires his services, which are always given and received with mutual satisfaction. When the young bird is in any way obstructed from attending to the call of the other, he appears to be very angry, and expresses his displeasure in a certain noisy and screaming manner, which is well understood by the inmates of the house. —*Aberdeen Herald.*

## STATISTICS OF LUCIFER MATCHES.

One of the witnesses before the Children's Employment Commission stated that he is a maker of the boxes for containing lucifer matches; and for the American pine wood, of which he makes them, he is in the habit of paying the large sum of £1000 a-year. According to his belief, from twelve to fifteen thousand gross of such boxes as he manufactures were made every week in London during the year 1841. Each box contains fifty matches. Upon these data the sub-commissioner calculates that the weekly consumption of lucifer matches amounts to 97,200,000, or 5,055,000,000 yearly.

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